

"Mysterious sea"
Collection of poems by Heinrich Heine
(Translated by Igor Marinovsky)

Sea! Sea!
I greet you eternal sea!
Receive greetings for thousand times
from jubilant heart
as you welcomed ten thousand Greek hearts
in their bad fortune of fight and longing for the home.
It flooded.
It waved and roared,
The sun was sinking in a hurry.
The playful rosy light,
The frightened gulls
flew away in the scream.
The horses stomped, the shield clanged.
And victorious cry was heard:
"Sea! Sea!"

I greet you eternal sea!
Homely language is heard and
Dreams of childhood flickers
on your billowing waves.
Old remembrance told me again
about dear delightful toys.
about festive Christmas gifts,
about red coral trees,
Goldfishes, pearls and shells
that you keep mysteriously
in your underwater crystal house.

Morbidness lies on the sea of storm
and through the black wall of clouds
twitches the jagged thunderbolt
surprisingly lighting up and disappears
as a joke in the head of Time.

The thunder is rolling
Over the wild water
and rides over white horses of waves
that were born for Boreas
by mares of Erichthons
and flatters anxiously like bird of sea
shadows of corpses on Styx
that Charon chases away from his boat.

Hope and love! Everything is destroyed!
I feel like a corpse
of angry raving sea
that lies on the beach
of dreary bleak shore.

Before me the watery desert is surging,
Behind me There is only sad distress.
And over me the clouds are drifting.
the amorphous gray daughters of the air,
that draw water from the sea
in the foggy buckets.

They draw water and draw
and shed it back in the sea.
Their work is dull and boring
and impracticable like my life.
The waves murmur, the gulls shrill.
Old memories blow inside me,
Forgotten dream, extinct visions

in the sweet pain are sinking.

The wonderful sun
is calmly descended into the sea.
The billowing waves are dyed
by dark night.
Only the afterglow
sprinkles its golden lights.
and the noisy violent flow
pushes to the shore the white waves.
that are cheerfully and hastily jumping
like fleecy flocks of lambs
who are driving in the evening
by singing shepherd to the home.

Black-footed birds
with white wings who fly over the sea,
with crooked beaks enjoying sea water
and eating dawdling meat of seals.
Your life is bitter as your food!

But I am the Fortunate who tastes only sweet!

I taste the sweet fragrance of the rose,
the moonlight-eating bride of nightingale.

I taste sweet sugar cakes

filled with whipped cream.

But the sweetest food of mine
is love in passionate embraces.

"She loves him! She loves him!
She carries his image in the little heart,
She carries it sweetly in the hidden secret
of unconsciousness !

In the dreams he appears before her,
she desires and cries and kisses his hands
and calls his name,
and she wakes up and is startled
and rubs in astonishment her nice eyes-
She loves him, she loves him!"

The glowing red sun walks
down in the wide trembling
silvery grey ocean;
Airy creatures in the rosy breath
are flying here and there
out of autumnal darkening.
Clouds veil
their sad deathly pale faces

before the arrival of moon.

The night is starless and cold.
It is heard rumbling of the sea.
and over the sea the shapeless
north wind lies flatly on his belly
and secretly with groaning voice
like cruel grumbler in the good mood
he babbles to the water
and tells many great stories,
fairy tales about giants, murderous
ancient sayings from Norway
and he laughs and howls
in the incantation of the Edda
and magical runes.

The sun lights play
Over the rolling sea;
Far away on the waves the ship glittered
That should carry me to the home;
But there was no good driving wind,
And I continued to sit quietly on the white dune
Of the lonely beach,
And read the the song of Ulysses,
The old, the eternally young song
In the marine rustled scroll
The breath of the gods
was revealed to me.

The evening came so quickly
the tide roared wildly,

and I sat on the beach and watched
the white dance of the waves
and my chest pulsated like the sea,
and longing came over me with deep homesickness
because of desire for you, my sweet vision
that hovers around me
and calls me everywhere
in the whistling of the wind, in the roar of the sea
and in the sigh of my soul.

The sea has its pearls,
The sky has its stars,
And my heart, my heart
my heart has its love.

The sea and the sky are great,
but my shining love
is greater and fairer
than all stars and pearls.

You tender young girl
come to my big heart;
My heart and the sea and the sky
are melting away in love.

Stay in your ocean depth
of crazy of dream,
You tormented my heart
in vain happiness for many nights.
And now as marine ghost
you frighten me during the bright days.
Stay in the depth of eternity.

And I throw down to you
all my pains and sins,
and cap with bells of folly
that was on my head for a long time,
and the cold glistening snake skin
of hypocrisy
that entangled my soul,
the sick soul,
god-forsaken, angel-forsaken,
unholy soul.
The wind is coming!
The boats are sailing!
The liberated soul rejoices!